

The OLD CRADLE OF LIBERTY



CONGRESS AND INDEPENDENCE HALLS

UNTIL the year 1776 the historic shrine of American liberty in Philadelphia was known as the State house; but after that it was called Independence hall. Thousands have made their reverent pilgrimage thither from distant places as to a sacred shrine, and yet a great many are unfamiliar with the history of the most famous edifice in America. They may not know that it was begun in 1729 and finished in 1734, and that in those days the plan of it was considered so palatially ambitious that its building was bitterly opposed by those who, like John Galt's wife, were of a frugal mind. The cost was \$16,250, and the wings that were added five years afterward brought the total amount to \$28,000. Doubtless there were many who dubiously shook their heads at the extravagance. What would they have thought of a city hall occupying several acres and costing \$24,000,000?

Although in the immediately pre-Revolutionary days the purpose to which Independence hall was put was serious enough, the long gallery upstairs had often been the scene of "revelry by night" before those times that tried men's souls. In 1736 the mayor, William Allen, invited most of Philadelphia to a feast; in 1756 the assembly gave Governor Denny a most pretentious banquet; and again, in 1757, Lord Loudon, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in America, was lavishly entertained, and the uninvited grumbled at the outlay.

When the first congress met in Philadelphia, in 1774, there was a "sumptuous collation" in the State house, attended by 500 persons, and as they drank their toasts cannon were fired, as happened in the case of Hamlet's unamiable father. The same hall that was the scene of these elaborate banquets became the prison of the American officers captured in the battle of Germantown, and after the bloody field of Brandywine it was a hospital.

It was in this building that Washington delivered his memorable farewell address; Lafayette was the guest of honor here at a reception in 1824; and here the bodies of John Adams and Abraham Lincoln lay in state.

Thus it will be seen that the social and historic associations of the edifice are innumerable, leaving out of the reckoning what happened there on the Fourth of July, 1776.

The signers of the Declaration came near not having a bell to announce their epoch-making resolution to the world. As soon as the building was completed, in 1734, it was planned to buy a bell commensurate with the dignity of the new State house. Then the advocates of economy—or parsimony—arose in their might, and fought the project tooth and nail, representing that the "great cost of the State house had imposed a heavy tax upon the citizens and further expenditure was useless." After several years of more or less acrimonious debate it was decided to have a bell; and it was then discovered that there was not a foundry in the colonies capable of fashioning it, the repressive policy of parliament having well-nigh destroyed manufacturing enterprise in the new world. So the colonists had to send to London for a bell, giving specific directions as to the dimensions—the weight was 2,030 pounds.

When at last it arrived, in 1752, it was more than a nine days' wonder; the Pennsylvania farmers flocked to the wharf from far inland to acclaim its arrival. It proved all that any reasonable mortal could want in the way of a titillation. Its tones were far-carrying and sweetly musical, and all true-born Philadelphians (including those who had opposed the expense) were proud of it. Alas! as it was being transported with festal ceremony from the water's edge to the intended site in the belfry some nervous workman gave way beneath his corner of the ton of metal and the bell fell to the ground and was mortally injured. It had to be recast, and Isaac Norris, who superintended the operation, announced with pride that the result was "a good bell, which pleases me much that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell, for aught I know, in English America—surpassing, too, the imported one, which was too high and brittle."

The great occasion in the life of the Liberty Bell was not due to arrive until 24 years afterward. It was on the 15th of May, 1776, that the general assembly gave instructions to its dele-



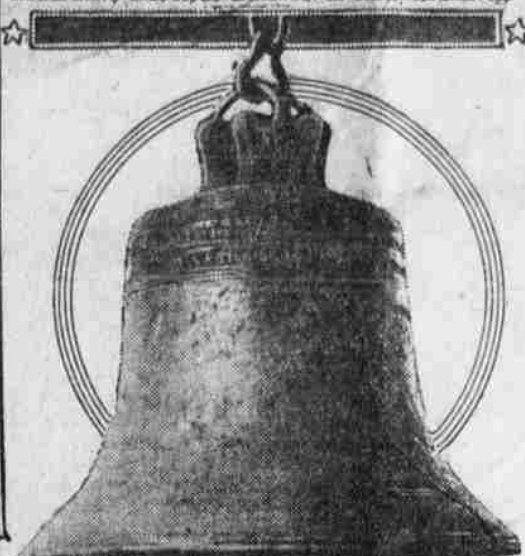
WHERE WASHINGTON DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS

gates in congress to present to that body a resolution in favor of the mighty schism from England, and the formal declaration of the colonies' independence. Richard Henry Lee on the 7th of June arose and solemnly moved that "the united colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and that their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved." John Adams of Massachusetts seconded the resolution, and thereupon a long and vehement debate began. It was adopted by the closest possible majority—seven colonies giving it their approval, six voting in the negative.

A committee was then appointed to draw up the Declaration. Its members were Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. The committee reported the result of its deliberations on June 28, the other members of congress in the interim having bestirred themselves to learn the wishes of their constituents. Thomas Jefferson, as every one knows, was



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



THE LIBERTY BELL

the author of the Declaration. He wrote it in a house at the present site of 700 Market street, now occupied by the Penn National bank building, and the very desk on which the immortal document was drafted is now in the library of the state department in Washington.

It is not necessary to quote the solemn language of the Magna Charta of our American liberties. It was accepted almost as it came from Jefferson's hands, though a few passages were expunged which, it was feared, might give offense to America's much-needed friends in the mother country.

On the Fourth of July all the delegates except those of New York (whose representatives signed a few days later) had appended their names to the document and had pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in the cause of liberty. Then came the moment for the Song of the Bell—a song whose reverberations shall not cease till the last page of American history has been written.

Truly prophetic was the biblical motto which Isaac Norris is said to have chosen for the bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." And rapturously did the assembled multitude and the distant patriots receive the announcement of the bell, that at last the 13 colonies had become the 13 United States, and the days of the dominion of the foreign oppressor were forever past.

LAST FOURTH OF JULY

Last Fourth of July I was only six,
A regular little chump,
I got into a dreadful fix.
You see there was a stump
In our back yard, where I used to play
All sorts of things alone;
On Sundays 'twas a pulpit,
On week days 'twas a throne.
I was preacher Sundays,
And the pickets on the fence
Were the people that I preached to,
But I didn't preach no sense.

On other days I was a king.
The pickets were my people,
I wore a golden paper crown
All pointed like a steeple.
Well, Fourth of July my cousin Bob
Came from the great big town,
With crackers, punk and fireworks
To do the Fourth up brown.
I told him how I was a king,
He is bigger some than me,
And he said we would have a sledge,
The stump would be my fort.
And he would try to blow it up,
He said 'twas lots of sport.
So I got up upon the stump,
And the crackers in a row
He piled up thick around the foot,
You should have heard it blow!
The stump caught fire, I lost my head,
My father carried me to bed.

I stayed in bed a long, long time,
All bandaged—'twasn't fun.
I'm big this year—you needn't smile,
I'm not so big a chump,
And if we have another sledge
Bob can sit on the stump.

INDEPENDENCE DAY FAVORS DISPLAY OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Warm weather does not in the least interfere with the plans of the maid who is ambitious enough to entertain a coterie of friends at some kind of an end-of-the-season festival; and the approaching Independence day holiday admits of so many forms of novelties in decorations and de-

corations that a pretty little luncheon or piazza supper is a comparatively easy thing to prepare.

Of course, the red, white and blue predominates and the symbols of the patriotic Fourth are reproduced in cardboard and paper with such realistic effect that the candy counters in the large department stores seem to have changed their usual stock for a supply of fireworks.

There are most natural looking packages of firecrackers with the usual Chinese paper covers and glaring red posters. The contents are red candy sticks for all the world like the real firecracker. There are candy boxes in the form of Roman candles, pinwheels, large cannon crackers, etc., all of which will make good souvenirs of the occasion. Grape paper is used for a greater variety of boxes and baskets than ever and very pretty and fanciful little devices are on hand, mostly in red, white and blue.

Red paper forts hold up warlike little cannons, keeping guard over the supply of candy stored within; the Liberty bell is reproduced in crumpled paper, and other ideas, all suggestive of the great event of '76.

The paper manufacturers have tablecloths and napkins ornamented with American flags, and flags in all sizes are found made of crumpled paper and attached to wooden sticks. Those in paper are a little more attractive than the ordinary stiff muslin affairs. The candelabra, too, may be in the spirit of the event with its red, white and blue candle shades, and altogether without much trouble or expense a table may be fitted up which will be patriotic enough in its appearance to satisfy the stanchest of admirers of Uncle Sam and Old Glory.

FOUND BROTHER AT LAST.

Beggar—Kind sir, could you help a brother Mason, Odd Fellow, Elk, Moose, Eagle, Owl or Forester?
Passerby—I belong to none of them.
Beggar—Ah, den, could you help a fellow Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal or Presbyterian?
Passerby—I belong to none of them.
Beggar—Ah, den, shake hands and assist a feller Socialist and uplifter in distress.

FATAL WORDS.

"Ever hear from that college chum of yours who went to Colorado?"
"Oh, he's dead, poor chap. He may be said to have talked himself to death."
"What do you mean?"
"He called some Alkali Ike out there a liar."

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND A LAMENT



I love a lady who is fair
To see:
Her glad smile lifts me from despair
To glee;
But though she says her heart is mine,
In loneliness I must repine:
For she, though willing to entrance,
Is not inclined to take a chance
With me.

What care I for her father's gold?
"Tis dreams!
He's wealthy, but dyspeptic, old,
And cross;
He takes her South
In winter time,
In summer to some northern clime;
O, that his wealth might melt away!
My love would more than thrice repay
Her loss.

Of all fair maids she is most fair,
I trow;
Her love my guide in everywhere
I go.
With her to share my lot I'd claim,
The highest honors, widest fame,
For both herself and me—I grieve
To say that she will not believe
It, though.

Away With the Men!
"So you think the world would go
on very successfully if there were no men?"
"I can't see why it shouldn't. Women have shown that they are capable of doing everything the men have pretended that they only were able to do. By the way, do you know of any man I could get to trim that big elm tree in the front yard? It seems to me some of the upper limbs ought to be cut off."

Woman's influence.
Some men strive to gain success.
To win firm footholds on the height,
Because within them selfishness
Is ever urging, day and night.
Some men press on as best they may
With pick or spade or sword or pen,
Because their wish is, day by day,
To benefit their fellow men.

One in ten thousand, glad to claim
The world's approval, nobly strives:
But most men who win wealth or fame
Do so to satisfy their wives.

SHE WENT TOO FAR.

"John," she complained, "you used to say that you would always think of me as your little girl."
"Well," he snarled, "I did as long as you kept your weight under 170 pounds."

Couldn't Quite See.

"Do you care if I paint your barn?" asked the summer boarder with the peaches and cream complexion, as she put down her palette and began arranging her color tubes.
"No," replied Uncle Jasper; "go right ahead. It needs paintin' all right, but I don't see how you expect to get much done with them little bits of brushes."

Ridiculous.

We were compelled a few evenings ago to keep from laughing while a young man with a receding chin and a very thin tenor voice sang:
"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Learn to Live.

It is well to live and learn,
To gain new knowledge day by day,
To find some good at every turn,
To cling to courage on the way.
It is well to justly earn
Rewards the world may care to give;
It is well to live and learn,
But don't neglect to learn to live.

Sinner's Idea.

"Pa, is retribution the worst thing a man can have?"
"No, it isn't half as bad as the feeling a man is likely to have after he has confessed and then become convinced that he would not have been found out if he had kept quiet."

Ready to Listen.

"Is there any last wish that you would like to make known?" asked his best friend.
"Any last wish? What do you mean?"
"You're about to be married, you know."

"Mebby."

"Willie," the Sunday school teacher asked, "can you tell me why Rachel wept for her children?"
"Mebby it was because the preacher came before she had a chance to get them cleaned up."

Old Age.

"Age is a curious thing."
"What's the answer?"
"A man is old at eighty, a horse at twenty, a hen at two years, and an automobile is old in about three months."

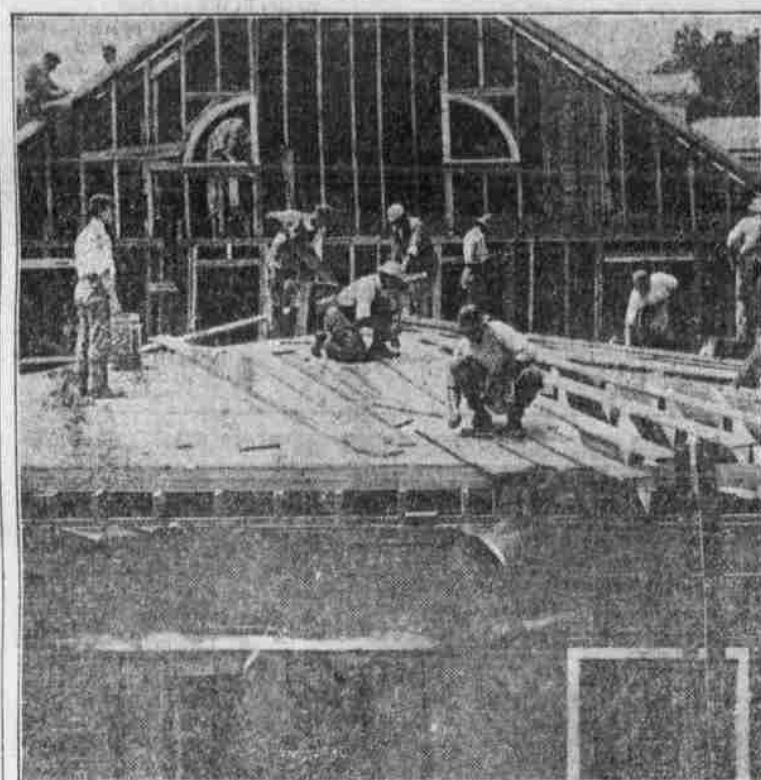
Has Done Something.

When a man writes something that somebody else claims to have written he can feel reasonably sure that he has had a real inspiration.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

Child Visitor—Mrs. Jones, please can I go upstairs in your room and look in your closet?
Hostess—Why, Willie, what do you want in my closet?
Child Visitor—I want to see the skeleton pa says you've got there.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS



Hampton tradesmen engaged in remodeling a colonial house occupied by Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Frissell. Hampton carpenters learn how to do their work quickly, skilfully and economically. They are important factors in maintaining the Hampton Institute as an industrial village.

In this much bemoaned land it is rather curious that no monument has yet been set up anywhere to commemorate the loyalty of the slaves that remained on the plantations during the Civil war. Of course commemoration of that sort belong to the North can regard the matter with interest, if not with the same vital and personal interest that citizens of the South may feel. Both during the war and in the half century since its termination Confederates have been warm in their expression of esteem for the faithful slaves that stayed at home while their masters went to the army, guarding faithfully the women and children whom the white men of the South had to leave at home when the call to arms came.

Now the omission will probably be rectified since at the recent reunion of Confederate veterans at Jacksonville a motion was adopted recommending that such a monument be erected in the capital city of each of the former slave states. A little reflection serves to show how richly the commemoration is deserved. Singularly beautiful and touching was the loyalty of those black people to the families of their masters. The fact that the white men dared leave their wives and children to the protection of the black men who were their slaves is in itself a tribute of which the American negro can always be proud and now monuments in the capital cities of the South will permanently recall to mind a reluctance that was not misplaced.

A hermit ore discovered on the Kiama river has been acquired by a Vancouver company. It is stated that a large body of ore has been removed by a glacier and deposited over an area one mile square.

The travelers who boast about the number of times they have crossed the Atlantic should hearken to the story of Donald McCave, a greaser on the steamship Oceanic. He has made 280 voyages to America and back. It is estimated that he has traveled 2,400,000 miles on the Atlantic ocean. He made 250 trips on one vessel, the Teutonic.

Because the vitiated air is bad for the workingman, the German government has forbidden the drying of plaster in new buildings by the use of open stoves. The stoves must now be connected by pipe with the outside.

The average nominal rate of wages to adults is \$16 a week in West Australia, as compared with \$13.50 a week in Tasmania, the two states of Australia where the highest and the lowest wages, respectively, are paid.

A process of hardening steel with compressed air is said to be in successful use by a German firm in cases where only certain parts of the metal require hardening.

Official figures recently completed show that the metallic zinc production of the United States last year exceeded all former records.

English paint manufacturers have found oil made from seeds of Brazilian rubber trees as an acceptable substitute for linseed oil.

The verdict of a jury in a criminal case in Arkansas has been set aside because the jury consumed nine quarts of whisky in reaching a conclusion.

His Daily Supply of Cake.

A Wichita attorney is very fond of a certain kind of cake his wife is expert at making. Recently she left for a visit with her parents, and before going baked a large cake. She knew that if she left the entire cake where her husband could find it he would eat it all in one day, so she cut it into slices and hid them in various parts of the house. Each day she writes her husband, and in the letter she tells him where he can find a piece of the cake—Kansas City Star.

In justice to Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who recently delivered an address on the negro problem in our city, I desire to reply to a letter of A. S. Edmonds in the "Public Mind" column of the Times of the twenty-second, writes H. O. Cook in a communication to the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Edmonds, in comparing the views of Mr. Villard and Mr. Booker T. Washington in his Atlanta address, sees a wide difference in the opinions of these two men, and concludes that "certainly Mr. Washington knows, if anyone does, the best means of solving this problem." If Mr. Edmonds would talk with Mr. Washington today he would find that he (Mr. Washington) has made a long jump since that Atlanta address. Moreover, Mr. Edmonds, as a great many others, has the impression that the men who believe and are working with Mr. Villard are opponents of Mr. Washington's policy. These men, on the contrary, thoroughly believe in the policy of industrial education and the accumulation of property for the negro, but do not believe that these alone will secure all those rights and privileges that are justly due him as an American citizen.

Mr. Villard, with thousands of others in this country, feels that the negro needs not only this education and material wealth, of which he is securing more and more every year, but that he deserves justice in our courts, equal opportunities in civic and political life and the privileges of enjoying the best in a country which he has helped to build and protect.

Cola nuts, which have been exported from the Gold Coast of Africa to the value of about \$450,000 annually for several years, advanced in 1912 to \$550,000 worth. Exports from southern Nigeria increased to nearly the same extent.

Jamaica produces a great variety of hardwood trees. Lists of its timbers, classified according to the suitability of the timbers (113 in all), have been printed in a bulletin issued by the department of agriculture.

Travelers may now go from Tokyo to Peking in 85 hours. This route is through Seoul and Mukden. Trains run twice a week. The popular route heretofore has been by sea from Kobe and requires 144 hours.

Despite the fact that the prices of its vehicles have been doubled in two years, the Zeppelin company engaged in the manufacture of dirigibles, lost \$375,000 during the fiscal year just closed.

Exports to Germany exceeded \$187,000,000 in the eight months ended with August, and imports from that nation were above \$118,000,000, an aggregate trade of more than \$305,000,000.

The best many a girl gets out of it who marries for a home is a chance to cook for boarders.

The water of the Swiss city of Basle is so injurious to teeth that a municipal dental clinic has been established.

One of the French manufacturers has produced a hydroaeroplane so powerful that it is in reality little less than a flying tugboat.

The governor of Iowa has set aside a fire prevention day, urging that the citizens discuss conditions and create a sentiment against forest fires and other conflagrations.

Few People Walk Properly.

The importance of a graceful carriage can hardly be overestimated. Few people walk properly and well. One's walk should be easy, graceful, and, above all, natural. Do not turn the toes in, but take firm and decided steps. Do not bring the heels down with a thump at each step, but have them moderately long and quiet. A well-known writer says: "Whichever carries the chin close to the neck is all right from top to toe and will walk well."

LANDMARK WILL BE MISSED

Lexington Belfry, Where the First Call of the Revolution Rang Out, is Gone.

The ancient but far from decadent town of Lexington has suffered a loss comparable only with that which befell Venice when the Campanile crashed down into the piazza below. What the Campanile was to the city of the doges the belfry was to this sturdy old Massachusetts town. Nor should

the nearby boundaries of Lincoln and Bedford wholly include the fame of this belfry, for it was from this belfry that there sounded, 134 years ago, the first authentic call to revolution, and under its very shadow Captain Parker formed his minute men to receive and return the first musket fire of the war for independence. More than a year was to pass before the more famous bell of Philadelphia was to take up and re-echo the notes which sounded first from Lexington Belfry.

The old belfry, however, has been

first forgotten and now has fallen. Standing upon a hill above the town, beyond the sight of trolley tourists, out of the course of the ordinary excursionist, it has quietly slipped out of all but local history. Nevertheless, there will remain a few who still love their old New England to rejoice in the announcement that the selectmen, the successors of the Lockes and Merriams and Parkers and Swans of other years, have decided to rebuild the old belfry. Rebuild it—even that is not quite necessary.

After a hundred and forty-one years many of the timbers are still sound, have survived the years that have leveled so many generations in the village under the hill.

In a countryside where every stone wall boasts a tablet and every full grown tree seems to have a record of something that once stood on that spot but passed so many years ago that no resident recalls it, it is pleasant to know that one authentic survival of old years is to stand a few years more.